

# Mc Dougall's Good Stories for Children

## Remarkable Adventure of a Bright Newsboy Who Became a Famous Electrician

**D**ID you ever hear of The Lost Land of Lyonesse?

It was part of the coast of Cornwall and it sank into the sea perhaps fifteen hundred years ago, and now only the Scilly Islands remain of all the wondrous country where giants, wizards, fairies, knights and even dragons were to be met with any time one walked out of doors, if all the stories be true that have been related about the land of Lyonesse.

Even now, when it is but a feeble tradition, the Cornish people on the shore will tell you that bells may be heard, at times, faintly tolling down in the deep where the king's city lies forty fathoms under water; and voices singing the ancient Cornish songs.

Old rusty swords, axes, armor and spears, too, sometimes, have been drawn up in the fishermen's nets, it is said, which shows quite plainly that people once lived where the fish now rove; and when the tide is very, very low one can see tree-trunks deep in the dark water where the king hunted deer with his knights in the long ago, and the fisherfolk will tell you that they hear at times the sound of a horn beneath the waves, as if the hunters were still tracking their quarry.

But grave scientific men have long since decided that this is all rubbish, and some of them have even been bold enough to doubt the very existence of the lost land.

I always believed in it simply because I cannot conceive how anybody could have invented such a tale without any foundation, and since I came to know Davey Brady I am, of course, perfectly well convinced of its truth.

Davey Brady was a poor boy, so poor that he actually had no home; and if you can imagine any form of poverty worse than that let me know what it is. He was a city wail who sold papers, ran errands and blacked boots to earn enough money daily to secure a bed in the Newsboys' Home on winter nights. In summer he slept anywhere.

In many ways Davey was a wonder. In spite of the fact that he was hungry at all times, half-clad and homeless, he was always as merry as a grasshopper and as honest as a dog. How he had learned to read he did not know himself, yet he had managed to find out how to read the papers he sold, and, in fact, he spent some of the time he should have utilized in selling papers in reading the news.

And this poor little wail was the one who found The Lost Land of Lyonesse.

When he was about ten years old a man whose shoes he had shined at the railroad station tossed him half a dollar and ran for his train without waiting for his change. Six months afterward Davey saw him and handed him the money, saying:

"Mighty glad to see you again, mister. Here's your change."

The astonished man, who had never before seen an honest bootblack, refused to take the money after Davey had explained the matter, and he took the boy to his office and asked him all sorts of questions, after which he told him that he would take him into his factory and make a man of him, as honest boys were quite scarce and should be carefully cultivated.

The factory was an immense workshop, where everything in the way of electrical machinery was made. Dynamos, batteries, electric lights, torpedoes, machines, everything that is needed for the use of electricity was there, and Davey went to work to learn all there was to know. He worked hard and studied harder, and by the time he was fifteen, by dint of reading books and asking questions, there was no man in all the factory who was able to teach him more. Nobody remembered that he had come there a ragged gutter-snipe a few years before.

When a distinguished visitor, such as a foreign minister, a prince or a great capitalist, wished to see the whole great factory, Davey was the one who was always selected to show it all, as he could best explain all the wonders in language that was simple but exact. Mr. West was so proud of him that he intended to adopt him and make him his heir.

Whenever there was a peculiarly difficult and delicate piece of machinery to be made it was Davey who had to attend to it; he was sent to the great exhibitions and World's Fairs to superintend all the work to be done, and he made many friends, for he was very good looking, besides which, and that was far more important, he was always good-natured and kindly, so it is not to be wondered at that Mr. West wished to adopt him.

One day Mr. West said:

"Dave, you are working too hard. I want you to go down to my boathouse and look at a boat you will find there."

"What shall I do with it?" asked Davey.

"Take her out and try her," replied Mr. West with a smile.

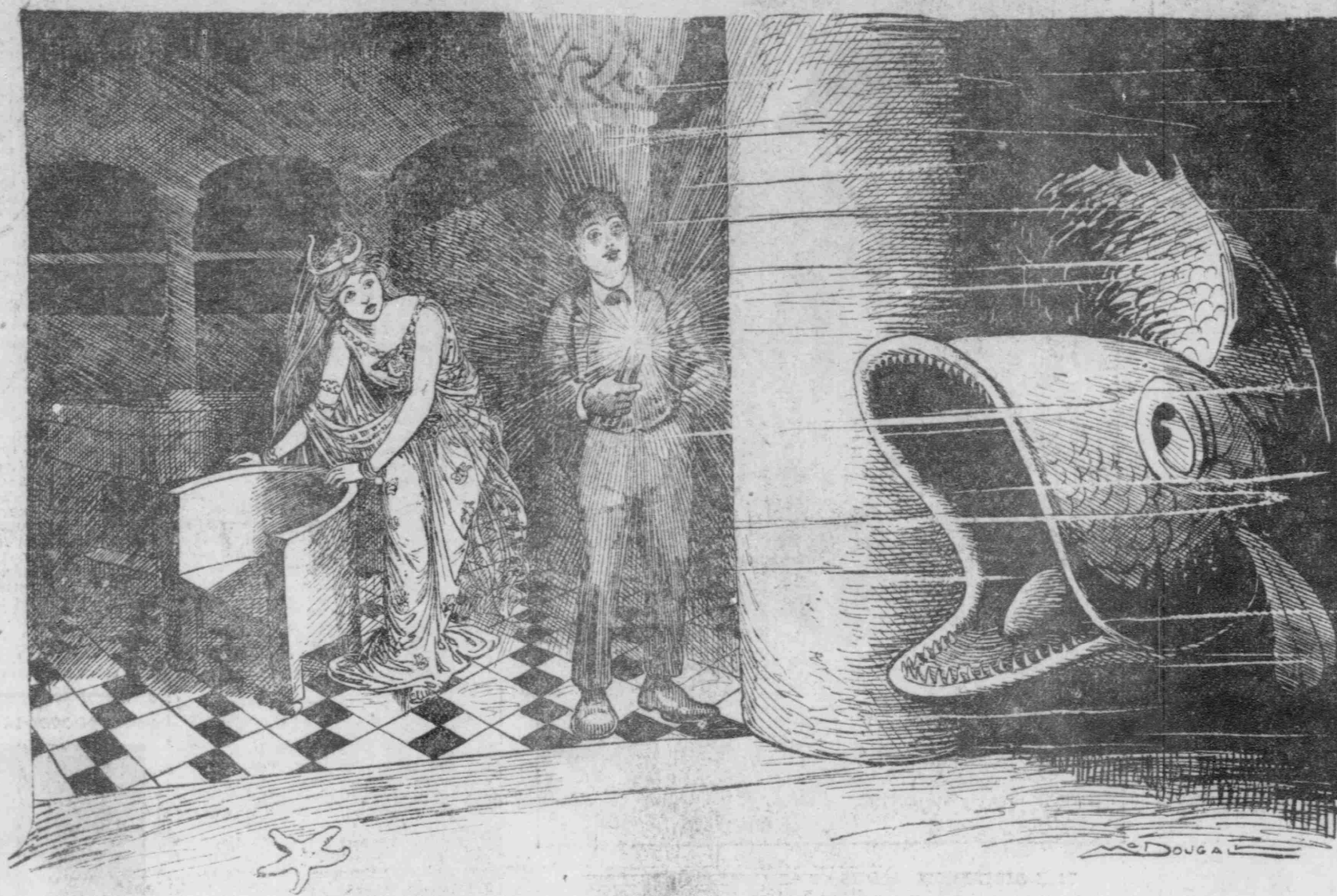
When Davey reached the boathouse, behold! there at the wharf lay a white launch with "David Brady" in gold letters along her stern. The boy saw at once that his employer had given him the dainty little craft, and he sprang into the boat eagerly, for he was very fond of sailing.

He threw the wheel over and started her down stream, and she shot away like an arrow. Over the shining bay he flew, the boat running as smoothly and as noiselessly as a sewing machine, and when he thought he had gone far enough he turned her about. But at that moment the engine banged and hammered for an instant and then stopped.

Now, one may know all about everything else under the heavens and on the earth, but there are things about a gasoline engine that are past finding out.

Davey went to work very confidently to discover the trouble, but after tinkering with pretty nearly every part of the engine he was still as far as ever from finding the defect, and all this time the swift tide was taking him out of the bay and toward the sea. Then it suddenly dawned upon him that he was in danger, for he had neither oars to row with nor anchor to stop with. Again he attacked his engine, this time in great excitement. Now, when a man gets excited over a gasoline engine something enters into it and it becomes so obstinate as to be almost maddening.

Had Davey just simply sat still and talked calmly to his machinery it is quite likely that it might have



The Great Fish Looked in at Them Again

relied and become frantic, but as this was a new engine, I can't say for certain. Old ones that have been used are tamer and nicer and will often respond to kindness, but this young one was simply beyond all conception intractable and stubborn.

So when the waves began to lift his boat, and Davey saw that he was really out of the harbor and at sea, he was frightened; for a launch is not the best craft to go to sea in. Afar off on the very horizon he saw two sails, but they were too far away to see that tiny, low-lying boat, and he sat down in despair. On and on he drifted, and again and again he attacked the engine, until at last night came and covered the sea with a black mantle.

The boat rode the waves beautifully, never shipping a drop of water, and Davey at last became less concerned about the danger. Finally, tired out, he lay down on the cushioned seat and went to sleep.

The rising sun awoke him far from land, and with nothing in sight but immense waves that seemed like mountains as the boat rose and fell.

At noon, after he had toiled ceaselessly at the machinery, he saw a derelict, which is a wreck that has drifted up and down the ocean for days and days. The hulk of the vessel was but a few feet out of water, and she seemed about to sink at any moment. Davey saw, however, from the look of her, that she must have been in that condition for a long time, and as the wind was carrying him toward her, he resolved to board her in the hope of finding some food in her cabin.

It took several hours to reach her, but at last he drifted alongside, and fastening his boat climbed aboard. In the cabin, as he had hoped, he found a lot of canned food, and in her water barrel plenty of fresh water.

It did not take him long to get these things into his boat, but darkness came again when he had finished. He had a notion of remaining on the wreck, for he knew that the government sent revenue cutters to find and destroy these derelicts, but he was greatly alarmed over the safety of his own boat as she rose and fell alongside, and finally decided to abandon the hulk.

She soon vanished in the darkness after he had left her, and again he slept.

Next day the wind blew strong from the west, carrying him along rapidly, and he saw a steamer far away, but could not attract her attention. Toward sunset he saw another much nearer yet, but she, too, passed without seeing him.

Thus three days came and went and he was in despair, for now he felt that he was far out of the track of ships and if a storm came he would be lost. Again he went to his engine, and just because he had nothing else to do he threw the wheel over. There was a loud bang and off started the engine, as if nothing had ever happened at all.

Davey fell backward in amazement, for, after all, he was not well posted regarding the habits of these engines. But he was in a difficult position, for he had no compass, and as the sun was overclouded he could not tell north from south or east from west.

Still, as his engine was going he resolved to speed along steadily, but instead of going homeward he pushed on further into the ocean for another whole day. He was afraid to go to sleep and leave his engine going, but at last he had to do this, and the next day dawned with a great surprise.

When he raised himself and looked about him he saw, not more than a mile away, a gigantic iceberg, and then he was glad that he had stopped his machinery, for he might have run right into it and been wrecked. He started up easily and ran toward the iceberg to examine it, and then it was that he was surprised.

There in the ice very near the surface was a dark object which he at once took for a whale frozen into the berg, for he had read of such things, but when he sailed closer he perceived that it had an appearance vastly different from any whale he had ever seen pictured. Then he saw on the dark, indistinct mass a large lump in the center, and, filled with curiosity, he ran along the great berg until he came to a place where he could land upon the ice and examine into the mystery.

In another minute he had seen that one end of the dark object protruded from the ice, and that it had long rows of rivets on its surface. It took him but an instant to find that it was made of iron, and the next instant to guess what it was, for he had seen more than one drawing of such objects. It was a submarine boat.

How it had become frozen in that immense iceberg he could not guess; but there it was, and already more than half thawed out. Under the hot summer sun the ice was melting and pouring down

the crannies in noisy rivulets of fresh water, and the submarine boat was only ten feet from the seawater level.

Davey, now that he was sure of water to drink, for as you may know ice is always fresh no matter where you may find it, decided to remain right there until the mysterious iron craft was released from its prison and then to examine it carefully, for there certainly must be something wonderful in a boat that had gone so far north as to be entombed in solid ice. Once inside of the submarine boat Davey was quite sure that he would solve the mystery; all there was to do was to wait.

He got back into his own vessel, and for several days he cruised around or lay beside the berg, watching the great form become ever more distinct, until one day, perhaps because the iron boat gathered heat more quickly than ice, there was a loud cracking sound and the ice parted, letting the submarine boat slide down and rest half in and half out of the water.

Then its release came quickly, for next day it was floating with its round hump out of water, and Davey fastened his rope to a ring on its top.

After climbing on board and making fast, he hauled and pushed at the top of its hump, which had a lid like a big pot, but it was only when he thought of screwing it off that it moved. He soon had it off then and looked down into the dark interior.

Then by a ladder he descended, to find himself surrounded by a mass of machinery that was electric, as he instantly saw, and within two hours he had thoroughly mastered the details of it all. He saw how the boat was moved, how it sank or rose beneath the water, how it was supplied with air; but there were no papers to tell him its history, not a thing to explain how such a boat could be in such a mysterious predicament.

There was plenty of canned goods, flour, vegetables and other necessities on board, but no water was in the water receptacles. These he filled at once from the rivulets on the iceberg, for he saw a chance to secure far more water than his own boat would carry, and then he started to tow his prize away.

The submarine boat was not much larger than his own, but she did pull him back dreadfully and he found that he was making very slow progress; but after a time, when the wind increased and the waves became more threatening than they had been for days, he began to fear that he would have to give up the task; yet, when he reflected that the submarine boat was far safer than his own in mid-ocean, he at last, with much regret, deserted his launch and climbed into the prize.

He made the change just in time, for a storm soon broke that compelled him to close the lid of the hump and depend entirely upon the submarine, which, in the tremendous waves that beset her, rolled to and fro like a big cucumber.

After an hour of this Davey went to work and soon mastered every detail of the machinery, after which he sank to a depth where the waves were no longer felt; then he moved along serenely, with his electric lights illuminating the darkness ahead, like a great whale.

There was a cunning little electric stove to cook on, a cozy little couch, and rugs on the floor, and, indeed, it was far more comfortable than his open boat, and here there was no danger of collision or shipwreck. There were maps hanging on the walls and a compass to steer by, and one touch on the tiny wheel turned the Whale, as he called her, in any direction instantly.

"I shall have some fun in this," he said, when he had thoroughly comprehended everything and found that his knowledge of electricity made him complete master of this unknown craft. "There's no reason why I should regret the loss of the launch. I can make some important discoveries in this craft."

Then he ran ahead at full speed to test her powers, and found that the Whale could make, without the least difficulty or straining, a hundred miles an hour, which astonished him very much, as no such speed was ever made by any boat before, but the speed registers proved it beyond a doubt.

"At this rate," he thought, "I will soon be near the shores of Europe, and will be running into Spain, England or France with a hard bump."

Great fish swam beside him, but none could keep up with the Whale as she darted along, while Davey studied all the wonders of her construction. He found that a little bell rang when she neared the shore or the bottom, which was very useful, as in the ocean, as on land, are giant peaks that rise from sheer depths almost to the surface or form islands;

and there was a device that showed how far below the surface the boat was; another told when the air was becoming foul; another showed the pressure of the water on her steel sides. While studying these wonders he took no thought of time, and the hours passed like minutes; so he was surprised after what appeared like a little space, to hear the bell give warning that the boat was nearing shore.

He ran slower and looked ahead carefully, but, of course, was not at all alarmed, for he knew that the shore slanted gradually upward. Finally some large square rocks loomed up before him and made him go still slower.

As he neared them his eyes filled with wonder, for they seemed like great buildings at the sea's bottom.

Nearer he came, and then to his surprise he was assured that they were buildings, moss-grown and green, but still human constructions, down there in a couple of hundred feet of water. There were great pointed windows, devoid of glass, towers round and square, arched doorways, bastions and turrets to one immense structure, while smaller and more modest buildings clustered around its base.

He made his way carefully among them all, until he had seen every bit of this marvel, and his surprise increased every moment; for, you see, although Davey had read very much he never heard of the sunken Land of Lyonesse, and this was the city of the king upon which he had chanced. The dark walls towered up beside him and seemed to reach to the surface of the water; sea-anemones grew amid the green seaweed over the great stones like ivy, but waving long arms in the current, so that the building seemed to move as if bewitched.

Fish darted gleaming hither and thither, yet, strangely enough, they did not invade the open doors or windows, and this puzzled Davey. Was there something within the dark interior that threatened them?

He came opposite the huge door and flashed his light within, and saw a long hall, its floor strewn with rushes and its walls hung with tapestry of many colors, while here and there chairs and tables of ancient design were scattered about. Weapons, too, he saw on the walls, and horns of great deer, horns that measured eight or nine feet in width from tip to tip.

He resolved to invade this castle, but he decided to wait until daylight, which was two hours off as yet. In the meantime he explored the submarine city, flashing his light into the windows of the houses here and there, and everywhere seeing ancient relics.

When he returned to the great castle the faint gray light of the sun was turning its sides to a lighter green, but even after he had waited two hours longer there was so little sunlight at that depth that he despaired of its lighting the gloom within. Then he determined to boldly enter the dark vault before him in spite of the thing that seemed to frighten the fish. He started, and then as he reached the door the boat stopped as though held by a cable.

Davey could see nothing and went forward, but there was nothing visible holding her back. Then he suddenly realized that this was not water before him, but air. Opening the porthole he found that it was so. In some marvelous manner the castle was full of air, which kept out the water and fish as well.

He climbed out of the porthole and dropped to the floor, and at the same moment felt the Whale lurch as if struck from the rear. Looking back he saw the head of an immense fish, white and ghastly, with eyes luminous and gleaming, nosing the stern of the boat. Before he could say Jack Robinson the great fish vanished.

"My!" said Davey. "If I had been aboard that would have given me a chill!"

He climbed into his porthole again and got a hand-lamp, an electric light which can be carried, and then returned to the hall of the castle. There he examined everything with immense curiosity, for he now saw that all must be centuries and centuries old that lay here. But the puzzle was as great as ever; nothing explained how it had happened that this castle should be here and filled with air.

He saw a broad stairway before him, and climbed it, every footfall on the stone ringing out bell-like, and entered a large room hung with tapestry.

Flashing the light before him upon a great bed pillared like a temple, he was startled to see lying there a beautiful maiden asleep, breathing softly, rosy with health amid all that gloom. He stopped, half frightened, for this he had not expected at all, then approached her.

## A Sleeping Princess Found in a Deserted Castle in the Lost Land of Lyonesse

She was so beautiful that he held his breath, fearing that she would vanish like the great fish; but no, she was real; he touched her cheek gently to find that she was warm and alive. Then he laughed and said:

"Ha! The Sleeping Beauty! Just like the fairy tale! I will kiss her, as the prince did, and see if she will wake up!"

When he kissed her her long lashes trembled, then he kissed her again. Her eyelids lifted softly, revealing lovely blue eyes that looked up at him in surprise. Then the girl sat up and said:

"Where am I? Who are you?"

"My name is David Brady, but I do not exactly know where you are. I have never been here before," said he, smiling.

"The light dazzles me," she cried. "Are you a conjuror?"

The Princess of Lyonesse, for it was she, started up and sprang to the floor, then passed her lily white hand over her troubled brow.

"Ah, I now remember all!" she cried. "The awful deluge, the flight of our people, the sinking of our land! All, all my dreadful work!"

"When did it happen?" asked Davey, for he saw that she was distressed and wished to make her talk, as he knew that eases the female mind more than anything else.

"'Twas but yesternight," replied the Princess. "It came with a vast roaring and crashing, and horsemen came hastening from afar to warn us. I laughed when they told me that the sea was coming. I told them that Lorraine, the enchantress, would keep back the sea, for I did not believe there was danger. I wished only to keep them in awe of me."

"But it overwhelmed me, even when I was smiling at my father's fears. The sea rolled in upon us, overwhelmed us all; the land was under water when I uttered the magic spell that I thought would send me into a deep sleep and end it all forever. And you tell me, strange knight, that this castle is fathoms deep under the sea?"

"Yes, forty fathoms, I guess," replied Davey. "But all this happened hundreds and hundreds of years ago, for I have read nothing in history about it. What was the name of this place?"

"This was beautiful Lyonesse!" replied the Princess Lorraine. "The fairest land in all the world! Ruined by me, the witch! Alas!"

"So you thought you were a witch?" said Davey, smiling; for like all well-educated persons he had no belief in witches.

"Ah, I am a great enchantress!" she replied. "If I wished I could change you, sir knight, into a swan or a heron, summon cockatrices and basilisks or fiery dragons, waft myself over the mountains even to the moon! Do you not tremble?"

She looked at him carefully, but he was not trembling, and then he said:

"You must have taken something to have preserved you all these centuries, but I am not afraid of you. You are too pretty for a real witch. Say, honest, is this all true?"

She assured him that it was, and then he took her hand and led her below where she could see how deserted the castle was.

As they walked through the great building they talked.

"I suppose this place is in England, isn't it, this Lyonesse?" asked the boy.

"England! I never heard of that land," she replied. "Where is it?"

"My gracious!" cried Davey, "but you do date from a long way back. Why, every little girl six years old knows about England nowadays. You must be older than the Norsemen!"

"I have heard of the dread Norsemen," she replied, "but they have never been in Lyonesse, although we have seen their ships at sea like birds of ill omen hovering afar."

"I am afraid, when you get up on earth again, that you will have a lot of studying to do," added Davey. "How old are you?"

"I am fourteen," she replied, "but I know all that a princess is taught—embroidering, falconry, sewing, dressing wounds, and, besides, much of wizardry and astrology."

"Well, that's a start," said Davey, "but I wouldn't like to learn all that you will have to do."

When they had reached the very top of the castle the Princess said: "This is where I practiced magic, alone here with the shades of demons."

"Did you ever see any?" asked Davey.

"No," she reluctantly admitted. "Perhaps my incantations were wrong. But—"

"Well, I'll tell you right now that there are no such things and you were wasting time," said the boy. "You had better have learned plain cooking. Now, as there's nobody here, we will get in my boat and go ashore, where you will begin all over again."

"Let me get my pearls and diamonds first," said the Princess, "for it would be a shame to leave them behind."

She went to a great oaken chest and took out string after string of large pearls and diamonds, gems that flashed like stars in the electric light and dazzled the boy. Then they climbed into the Whale by a little porthole, and Dave started the machinery. The voyage was not interrupted until the boat came to the surface in a harbor, where it was greeted with great astonishment by all the sailors of the ships anchored there.

The arrival of the Whale was a wonder, but when the story of Lorraine was told, and when the antiquarians and historians questioned her about that long-forgotten land and found that she was telling only the truth, the wonder was simply world-wide.

Kings and queens sent for her to hear her tale and to see her marvelous gems, and many of them were bought by monarchs, for indeed they were so valuable that none but monarchs, newspaper proprietors and Standard Oil magnates could even do more than admire and ask the price of them.

So, when some years after Lorraine had been to school and learned so many things that sometimes it made her dizzy, she was married to Dave Brady, and Mr. West was the best man. Even now, at times, they take occasional trips in the Whale, and I suspect that they will visit the drowned castle to talk over the old times that happened.

WALT McDUGALL.